

Sketch

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Article 5

Picture

J J S Jr.*

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Picture

J J S Jr.

Abstract

One long low lake, Two long low skies, Two round white moons, Like two dead eyes...

with 'em, noisy, laughing, arguing, around a table, drinking coffee . . . everybody talking at once and not quite able to tell what it *is* they mean. Well, hell, they haven't got time, either. Even if I did set aside the early hours . . . and only got five hours sleep instead of six . . . nope, it just can't work out. . ."

Just a few minutes before the end of the first hour, after he'd succeeded in antagonizing the entire class, Mr. Edwards would seem to emerge suddenly from the grim preoccupation that had been bothering him. He'd casually assign a whopping big theme and then walk back to his chair to sit down. And though he'd smile, dismissing them, he'd notice how cold the steel chair felt, and a pestering mental note would be recorded again. "Damn, I've simply got to scrape up the money somehow for a new suit pretty soon. . ." and then the class would clump out and he'd hear them murmuring in the hall, consoling each other, deciding this was going to be a "rough" course.

Always, after the first week or so of each quarter was safely started, Mr. Edwards would find it necessary to go away for a week-end. He'd look haggard and be nursing a quiet case of the shakes for a few days after that, but he'd keep his mind on his lectures a little better. And his discharge pin would be lost somewhere among the junk on his desk.



Picture

J J S, Jr.

One long low lake,
Two long low skies,
Two round white moons,
Like two dead eyes.

I hear three sounds—
Winds sweep the lake,
The weeds grow long,
Thin glass hearts break.